

Paul Dauterive Story

It was cold, the sun was out and I couldn't be more ready. As I stood almost knee deep in the cold water of the White River, I waited for our team to come around the bend. It was the first day of the race, and everyone was watching with anticipation. In a way I was nervous, but I knew what I had to do. I had done it many times before. I looked at my partner, wondering if he had the same feelings. Just when I thought I was going to die from suspense, our team had come around the bend paddling as hard as their bodies would let them. The quick-change was successful and we finished the leg. It's moments like that we live for. We give up most of our summer to train for one race. Five days a week, rain or shine, we paddle on. We practice with that race in mind, and that's what keeps us going. At the end of the race, we know we have accomplished something. We know we did what we were trained to do and did the best we could. This race taught me that hard work pays off, and that's something I will never forget.